

## **We Are As We Should Be** by NeroAnne

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**Summary:**

It was hinted but not confirmed. Once it is, Steve goes for it.

## **We Are As We Should Be**

### **Author's Note:**

I felt like writing this. So I did.

“Why is it,” Steve panted, leaning against the wall, “that anytime I hang out with you, I end up bleeding?” he ran his thumb under his nose, grimacing as it came away stained with crimson.

Jonathan frowned, swiping his tongue over the cut on his lip for what had to be the fiftieth time now, “No one told you to jump in,” he mumbled, “I was doing fine.” He rested his head back against the cold concrete, closing his eyes as the wind picked up, ruffling his blonde fringe enough to cause strands of blonde to irritate the cut above his eyebrow.

“Yes, you were,” Steve conceded, wincing in pain as he slowly sat down besides Jonathan, “but that was before Tommy jumped in.” he stared curiously over at Byers. “Why were you and Hargrove fighting anyway?”

Jonathan shrugged, pushing the sweaty hair away from his face, “Billy said some shit. It upset me. My reaction was to swing.”

“I know that all too well,” Steve teased, winking as his friend began to smile, “What did he say?”

“The usual,” Jonathan sighed, “he called me a faggot, said I should get on my knees and,” he raised his fingers in the air, making quotation marks for his next words, “show him what my pretty little mouth can do.”

Steve tensed; he could feel the muscle on his jaw twitch in anger. “I’ll kick the shit out of him.”

“You did,” Jonathan reminded him, eyes still closed and a serene smile crossing his broken lips, those sweet dimples lit up, “he didn’t see that kick to the ribs coming at all.”

“It’s what he deserves for right hooking you while you were being

held down by his goon,” Steve replied, remembering the groan that escaped Hargrove’s throat as he stomach met Steve’s expensive boot.

Jonathan chuckled, turning his head to Steve’s direction. He opened his eyes slightly, staring at him through those long lashes, “Wasn’t so much being called a queer that bugged me. It was the part where he would have me on my knees for him.”

Steve swallowed down the growl that was threatening to bubble out of his throat. “Yeah, he fucking wishes.”

Jonathan laughed slightly, that cut on his lip flicked by his tongue again. Steve stared at him, feeling his cheeks grow hot as the younger man pulled that abused lip into his mouth, sucking slowly.

“In his dreams,” Byers agreed, gazing at Steve thoughtfully.

“So being called queer doesn’t bother you?” Steve asked, watching the way Jonathan’s eyes lowered.

“Not really,” Johnathan murmured, “seeing as I *am* queer anyway.”

Steve blinked hard, “I...what? How do you know? What about Nancy?”

Jonathan raised a brow, “What do you mean?”

“Didn’t you...weren’t you two...?”

“No,” Jonathan chuckled, “we cuddled at night because we were scared shitless. There was so much going on, too many things to worry about and we comforted each other but nothing came from it. She knows I’m bent. Everyone just assumed that we slept together,” he shrugged, “no one would believe us if we denied it anyway,” he gave Steve a pointed smirk.

“Sorry,” Steve said sheepishly, remembering how he had reacted to the rumors. Nancy had given him a good smack for running his mouth, “It’s kind of hard to not believe it with how close you two are.”

“Trauma tends to bring people closer together,” Jonathan sighed,

"I'm guessing that's why I like you all of a sudden."

Steve gasped in mock outrage, "You love me, Byers! You know you do."

Jonathan stared at him silently, his eyes almost sad but so full of another emotion. "Mhm," he replied vaguely, pushing himself up to stand slowly.

Steve blinked and quickly stood as well, ignoring the soreness of his body. He waited, watching Jonathan run a hand through his hair again, and suddenly knew what to do. "Where are you off to now?"

"Home, I guess," Jonathan said, glancing around the empty alley, "I should shower and stitch myself up before work tonight."

"What are you doing after?" Steve demanded, watching Jonathan give him a confused stare.

"Going back home?" Jonathan started slowly, "to sleep?" he looked away again, doing his hardest not to lock eyes with the taller boy, "Anyway, you're probably going to go find Nancy so I won't keep you-"

"No, forget that," Steve waved the words off, "We'll grab milkshakes instead."

"Harrington-"

"Milkshakes!" Steve said with finality, turning on his heel and rushing out of the alley as quickly as the pain in his body would let him.

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Jonathan stared at his reflection and grimaced.

"You look fine," Will assured, looking over at his poor big brother. He meant his words, though. Jonathan actually put effort into this outfit and it showed. He was wearing a black sweater over dark blue jeans and his usual chuck taylor's.

But he had cleaned them. He never cleaned his chucks.

The sweater was about a size too big, being from a second-hand thrift store. It exposed a good portion of his collarbone and would slide down one shoulder but it wasn't a bad look on the older Byers. He had cleaned up the cut above his eyebrow and lip as best as he could and the skin on his lip was still slightly red, the tender area slightly swollen.

His hair was its usual controlled frenzy underneath its cover, the bangs sweeping over to occasionally hide his eyes. Will giggled when Jonathan tried desperately to style it on some way and then outright laughed when Jonathan gave up with a curse, grabbing a dark grey beanie and tugging it on to hide his hair.

"I look like an idiot," Jonathan mumbled, dragging a hand down his face.

"You look fine," Will repeated, grinning, "so, is this a date?"

"What?" Jonathan turned his head so quickly that Will was surprised he didn't get whiplash, "No, this is not a date. It's...it's just a couple of friends going out for a milkshake, that's all."

Will nodded, "Ah."

Jonathan's cheeks reddened, "Stop it, it is not a-"

The knock on the door caused the brothers to look up, seeing their mother smiling at them.

"Steve is here," Joyce told Jonathan, looking over his outfit with approval, "you look nice, sweetheart. I hope you have fun on your date." She winked at Will and the younger Byers winked back.

Jonathan smiled weakly, "Thanks, mom, but it's not a-"

"Byers!" Steve hollered from somewhere in the living room, "Hello?! You're late for our date, let's go!"

The very look on Jonathan's face was enough to send Will into a fit of laughter, his hands coming up to wipe tears from his eyes.

"Go on," Joyce nudged, shooing her eldest out towards the living room. Will rushed ahead, staring excitedly over at Steve, who was sitting on their couch with his hands resting behind his head. His black jacket was unzipped, the white shirt he wore underneath ironed and neatly tucked into his jeans.

Steve grinned at the sight of all three Byers, nodding his head to Will, "Hey, kid. I'm going to steal your brother for a few hours, okay?"

Will nodded, still giggling, "Tell him he looks nice, he's been fretting all night."

"Will!" Jonathan hissed, cheeks aflame.

Joyce and Will watched with intrigue as Steve stared Jonathan up and down, his brown eyes soft and his lips curling up into a sincere smile.

"You should wear sweaters like that more often, they suit you," Steve said quietly, his smile only growing bigger as Jonathan murmured a quiet thanks, the blonde boy's eyes looking to the floor shyly.

"Go on then," Joyce gestured to the door, "Take care of my boy, Steven. You make sure he has a good time."

"I will, Ms. Byers," Steve nodded, standing to embrace the woman. He ruffled Will's hair and held out his hand to Jonathan, "Come on then. Milkshakes are calling our name."

And the hesitant smile as Jonathan slipped his hand into Steve's was enough for Joyce to hold her hands over her heart, her eyes glistening with moisture. Will smiled, leaning against his mom's side as they watched the couple leave.

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"Don't look so scared," Steve said gently, twirling the straw around his chocolate milkshake. He watched as Jonathan looked up from nursing his own vanilla shake and Steve shifted in his seat as Jonathan's small tongue flicked out to lick his lips after he'd released the straw. Steve quickly shrugged out of his jacket, suddenly feeling too warm.

“Scared,” Jonathan murmured, reaching up to strum his fingers along his collarbone, stroking the pale skin that the sweater revealed, “I’m not scared of you, Harrington.” He chuckled, shaking his head, “I’m terrified.”

“But why?” Steve whispered, “I’ve given you no reason to be afraid.”

Jonathan nodded slowly, bringing the straw back to his lips. He took another sip, a small trail of vanilla seeping out of the corner of his mouth. He collected it with his thumb, wincing as he accidentally trailed his nail over the tender cut on his lip, “We’ve been getting along lately,” he smiled softly, his dimples flashing, “I’ve really enjoyed it.”

“Yeah,” Steve agreed eagerly, sitting up in his seat, “Yeah, me too-”

“And that’s what scares me.” Jonathan continued, staring intensely at the older man. “We’re getting along so well. I like being around you. I like that you’re my friend.” His expression changed, pained, “but I’m still so terrified...because I just know that this can’t last.”

Steve blinked hard, swallowing thickly, “Why the hell not?” he asked, voice still low but heavy with emotion.

“I can’t,” Jonathan inhaled shakily, “I can’t get close to you and then have you ignore me after you get bored of me. Or annoyed with me. Or go back to hating me-”

“Stop,” Steve said, shaking his head, reaching across the table to grab Jonathan’s hand. He ignored the way the younger man tried to pull away, only lacing their fingers together tightly in response, “that won’t happen.”

“And you’re sure about that?” Jonathan asked, voice breaking, “why? Because we have one girl in common who we care for? How long will that last?”

Steve chuckled, holding his other hand up at Jonathan’s offended glare and continued attempt to pull his captive hand away, “I’m sorry; it’s just...that is so far from the truth, it was ridiculous.”

“Was it?” Jonathan asked miserably, stopping his feeble attempt at

stealing his hand away from Steve's and grabbing his milkshake instead, sucking at the straw with frowned lips.

"We care about Nancy," Steve nodded, "yes. She's brilliant. But you..." he sighed, smiling softly, "you, Jonathan...I want you."

Jonathan sputtered, his mouth lifting away from the straw. He stared at Steve, eyes wide, before he ripped his hand away and stood, rushing out of the restaurant.

"Byers!" Steve called out, reaching into his pocket. He cursed, reaching into his back pocket for his wallet. He stood and set down some money before grabbed his jacket, hurrying after the younger male. He ignored the confused stares from other patrons and pushed through the door, grabbing Jonathan's shoulder and whirling him around gently.

"This is cruel," Jonathan whispered, eyes watery, "Even for you, Harrington."

"Did you not hear me in there?" Steve groaned, waving his hand around, "I want you, Jonathan. You. You with your brown eyes and blonde hair and dimples and *fucking gorgeous lips*. You, Byers."

"Y-you're not serious," Jonathan whispered, staring up at Steve in surprise. "But...but Nancy."

Steve sighed, "But Nancy what?" he questioned softly, keeping his eyes on Jonathan's. "You can't really expect me to still have feelings for her. Those are all gone. She's a great friend but the reason why I stuck so close to her even after we broke up is because I wanted to get closer *you*, Jonathan."

"That doesn't make any sense," Jonathan whined, and he looked so confused and more than a little bit afraid.

"I know," Steve sighed in frustration, "I know, alright? Steve Harrington bent? Crushing hard on Jonathan fucking Byers? I know how it sounds, but it's honest to God true. I didn't have any kind of idea that you felt the same way," his eyes shined, "until this afternoon, after the fight."



“This afternoon?” Jonathan echoed, still lost.

“When I teased you,” Steve murmured, lips quirking, “saying that you know you love me...I saw that look in your eyes.” He reached out to stroke Jonathan’s sharp cheekbone, cooing gently, “then I knew for sure.”

“Knew?” Johnathan opened his mouth to speak more and ended up gasping in surprise when Steve simply ducked his head, their lips meeting gently. He froze, feeling Steve’s arms wrap loosely around his waist.

Before Jonathan could even think to respond, Steve was pulling away, looking forlorn.

“Jonathan...” Steve whispered, bumping his nose against Jonathan’s in an Eskimo kiss. “It’s been you all along. For a good while, it has been you.”

Jonathan brought a hand up to his lips, staring at Steve silently before nodding.

“Take me home.”

Dejected, Steve swallowed hard, nodding his head and moving to break the embrace. His eyes widened in surprise when Jonathan suddenly threw arms around his neck and he stared down at the blonde, stunned.

“Don’t look so upset,” Jonathan breathed, his fingers reaching up to stroke Steve’s cheek, “You’re coming with me.”

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Their tongues fought in a ferocious battle of lust, Steve sinking his teeth into Johnathan’s wounded lower lip to gain his dominance. He could feel fingers curling into the hair at the nape of his neck and he groaned huskily, his other arm wrapping tightly around the smaller male’s lower back.

It took no time at all for them to peel off each other’s clothes. As soon as that oversized sweater revealed the pale chest, Steve wasted no

time in reaching out, curling his thumbs over the pink little nipples. He pressed his mouth to Johnathan's, swallowing down the trembling moan that followed his actions.

Their shoes were next to go, toed off impatiently by both males as they refused to release one another.

Jonathan sat on the edge of his bed, his fingers reaching out to grab at Steve's zipper. He pulled down the taller man's jeans slowly, his lips coming down to kiss at the slender abdomen lightly, fingers hovering above the waistline of Steve's boxers for far longer than Steve would have liked.

"You're going too slow," Steve panted, pressing Jonathan down onto his back. He peeled off his underwear and then grabbed Jonathan's pants, tugging them down as quickly as he could. He stared down at Jonathan's body, licking his lips quickly, "You're fucking gorgeous."

Jonathan smiled, cheeks pink, "Shut up," he murmured, pulling Steve into another kiss. "Do you have anything?" he asked, teeth nibbling down on Steve's bottom lip. The older male grunted, shaking his head.

"I didn't think I would get this far," Steve admitted, frowning.

Jonathan considered him for a few seconds and then smiled slowly, "I've got baby oil in my drawer-"

"Is that what makes your skin so damn soft?" Steve lowered his head, nibbling on Jonathan's naked neck.

Jonathan arched his hips, the both of them gasping as their cocks pressed together.

"Just grab the fucking bottle," Jonathan breathed.

"Condom?" Steve murmured.

Jonathan shook his head, "I...never needed a reason to have them."

"We don't have to-"

"I want to." Jonathan said firmly. "I'm clean. I...I've never..."

Steve nodded slowly, "Yeah, me neither." He grinned, "well, not with a guy."

Jonathan snorted, pinching Steve's side. "Grab the damn bottle already."

The preparation took some time. Although neither of them knew what to do initially, what followed came naturally.

"Does it hurt?" Steve whispered, his fingers slowly spreading inside of his boy. He watched Jonathan wince a bit and he hesitated.

"A little bit," Jonathan admitted, "It's feeling better though. Less tight."

"No, still extremely tight," Steve swallowed, thrusting his fingers inside of Jonathan's glistening hole, "I don't want to hurt you."

"There's going to be pain," Jonathan murmured, pressing a kiss to Steve's clenched jaw, "May as well get it over with."

It was easier said than done. As Steve lubricated his cock with more oil and pressed the head to the skin of Jonathan's opening, he paused, looking down at his boyfriend, "Are you sure?"

Jonathan nodded, closing his eyes as Steve began to push. His fingers reached up to grab Steven's shoulders hard and he mewled in pain. "Ah...owe."

"Shit, I'm sorry," Steve inched deeper, his eyebrows furrowing together at the tight heat swallowing his cock. "Fuck..." he moved a bit quicker, biting his lip hard at the sensational feeling.

"*Slow*," Jonathan squeaked, feeling Steve sink deeper. He inhaled deeply, trying hard to fight against the agony.

"Don't you let me hurt you," Steve said through gritted teeth, his hips stilling at the pain reflecting in Jonathan's eyes, "Baby..."

"Don't stop," the younger man begged, "just...just go slowly," he

repeated, wrapping his knees tighter around Steve's toned hips, and closing his eyes again while burying his nails into Steve's skin.

It took a couple more sharp thrusts. Steve went as slowly as he was able to, moaning in relief when he was finally buried to the hilt inside of his beautiful boy. "Are you okay?"

Johnathan didn't answer right away. He nodded shortly, gazing up at Steve with wet eyes. "It feels so deep," he breathed out, arching his back as Steve slowly pulled out, only to thrust back in, "Steve..." he gasped out, the head of his lover's cock hitting a spot inside of him that he'd only ever read about in books.

"That little gasp," Steve panted, burying his face in Jonathan's neck, "I love that sound." He moved his hips, groaning as Johnathan's voice broke with how high his moan went, "You're so tight, so warm..."

"God," Jonathan moaned as he bore down onto Steve, matching his thrusts as best as he could with the older boy's weight on him.

"Can I move faster?" Steve waited, sweat beginning to build on his tense body. He grabbed Jonathan's hips as soon as he nodded his approval and began to pump faster, his mouth sealing against Jonathan to swallow his moans.

"So good," Jonathan whispered, head tossed back as he grinded roughly against the penetrating cock. His bed began to squeak but neither of them thought to care as their thrusts became more frantic.

"Jesus," Steve whispered, burying his face against Jonathan's neck as the feel of his insides tightening.

"Cumming," Jonathan whimpered unnecessarily. Steve could feel the younger man reaching his release, the walls clenching down on him mercilessly. He watched in awe as streams of white coated their clenching bellies and then grit his teeth hard, thrusting roughly twice more before releasing deep inside of his lover's body.

They panted loudly, Steve softening and slipping outside of Jonathan after a little while. Milky trails seeped down Jonathan's thighs and

onto the bedspread.

“Sticky,” Jonathan murmured, though he was smiling in content.

Steve took one look at his blissed face, the disheveled hair, the redness of his neck, those pretty cheekbones and dimples highlighted in the dim lighting from the lamp...

“I love you.”

Jonathan jerked, hissing in pain at the sudden movement. He stared at Steve in surprise, brown eyes so wide that it was slightly comical.

“You don’t have to say it back yet,” Steve said, smiling, “but I know that you feel the same way, and I know I’ll hear it soon enough.” He stood, tugging his boxers over his hips. “Towel?”

“C-closet,” Jonathan pointed to his closet and watched as Steve grabbed a grey towel, using it to clean the mess on his thighs and stomach. “Steve...”

“Shh,” Steve wiped at his own stomach and then reached over, lifting Jonathan easily from the bed. “Do you think you can stand for a few minutes while I change the sheets?”

Jonathan nodded and Steve set him gingerly on his feet. He watched Steve dig into the closet to pull out another set of sheets, a dark green set, before lining the bed up with them.

Steve motioned towards the bed, “Sleep with me,” he said simply, helping Jonathan lay down. They lay facing one another, smiling.

“So, you’re mine, right?” Steve asked nonchalantly, “my boyfriend?”

Jonathan smirked playfully, “The sex wasn’t *that* good.”

Steve pouted, “Promise me that you’re mine or I’ll stay awake all night thinking about it.”

“I’m yours, you dork,” Jonathan said fondly. “I’m your boyfriend.” He smiled slowly, “and you’re mine.”

Steve had only been waiting outside of the theater for about five minutes when Jonathan finally walked out, and he grinned widely at the sight of his boyfriend in uniform. "You're fucking adorable." The burgundy vest and matching bow-tie emphasized just how pale Jonathan's skin was and the black slacks were formed tightly to his lower body. Delightful.

He laughed and dodged a playful punch to shoulder, reaching behind him into the window of his car to grab the bottle of water he had placed on the passenger seat. He offered it to his boyfriend, smiling gently at the tired eyes staring up at him.

"Shut up, Steve," Jonathan warned, ripping the bow-tie off of his neck. He sighed in relief, accepting the water of bottle from his boyfriend. "I hate weekends at the theater. Damn place is always packed."

Steve chuckled, "Small town, baby. Kids gotta have fun somehow."

"Well they could fucking go to the arcade or the lake," Jonathan pouted, "my feet hurt after working that double." He unbuttoned the first three buttons of his white shirt, rubbing the back of his neck before uncapping the bottle and taking a long drink of water, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed.

Steve was on him in an instant, pressing his lips to the warm throat. "I'll rub your feet later," he promised, biting gently at the soft skin, smiling into it as Jonathan moaned softly.

"Thanks for picking me up," Jonathan murmured, bearing more of his throat for Steve to explore, "I promised mom she could use my car since she's got no gas in hers."

"Mmhmm," Steve answered, distracting by all that soft skin.

"Well, well, isn't this a pretty picture."

The obnoxious voice couldn't have come at a worse time. He heard Jonathan mutter a sarcastic, "great" under his breath as he exhaled.

Steve took his time lifting his head away from Jonathan's neck. He glared over at Billy, "It was until you showed up."

Billy chuckled, cigarette dangling from his lips. He turned blue eyes over to Jonathan, tracing over his lips, "Still not healed, hm? And here I was hoping you'd be set to use."

"I'm all set," Jonathan glared, hands curling into fists, "come get some, why don't you?"

Billy spat the cigarette out, smiling nastily, "Oh, I intend to, pretty one. But three's a crowd, Harrington. Why don't you fuck right off and let me and Byers have some fun?"

Steve narrowed his eyes at Billy, "Keep making passes at my boyfriend, Hargrove, go on."

Billy merely smirked, "What are you going to do about it, Harrington? Get your ass kicked all over again?" he laughed, turning his eyes to Jonathan, "Fine by me, I'll make sure to keep Byers company for you." He leered at Jonathan, who flinched in disgust.

Steve nodded slowly, pressing his tongue to his cheek as his ire awakened. "Okay." He walked over to the trunk of his car, popping it open and reaching inside, whistling all the while.

Jonathan's eyes widened in alarm once Steve reappeared, holding a familiar object, "Steve-

"Harrington, what the *fuck*?"

Steve nonchalantly swung the bat over his shoulder, smiling innocently at Billy's suddenly pale complexion, "What? Oh, this? It was a gift. Johnathan made it, isn't it pretty?" he pointed at Hargrove with the nailed bat, "want to meet it?"

"You're a lunatic," Billy said, backing away slowly.

"Keep making lewd statements to my boy and I'll show you a lunatic," Steve promised, watching Billy flip them off and scatter away. He turned to Jonathan, winking, "I guess he's handled for now." He lowered the bat and held open an arm, "come give me a

kiss.”

Johnathan laughed softly, stepping into the taller boy’s embrace. He wrapped a hand around Steve’s neck, pulling his head down and fusing their mouths together gently. “Oh, Harrington,” he breathed against Steve’s grinning lips, “you are an idiot.”

“You love me.”

“Immensely,” Johnathan replied, smiling shyly at Steve’s elated expression.

“I love you, Jonathan. I fucking love you.”

Johnathan chuckled, their foreheads pressed together, “I love you too, Steve.”

-End-

#### **Author’s Note:**

Wow, this is longer than I thought it would be. Anyway, I don’t know. Was this a shit-show? Should I write more? Sorry for the awkward smut, it’s been a while since I’ve written it.